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ORIGINAL.

REPORT on Normal Schools, submitted to the
Oxford Teachers' Association convened at
Rumford May 17th, 1848.

NORMAL SCHOOLS.

The committee appointed to consider the sub-
ject of Normal Schools, having attended to his
duty, begs leave to respectfully submit the fol-
lowing Report:

The state of our Common Schools is lament-
ably low. A multitude of causes too well un-
derstood to need any specification, have for
years been operating to reduce these nurseries
of public education to their present condition.
Among the foremost of these causes stands the
employment of incompetent teachers, while
those meriting public confidence have been al-
most entirely neglected; or if employed at all,
they have been compelled to content themselves
with the starveling compensation so sparingly
dealt out to any one willing to work cheap.

Inadequate pay has, of necessity, forced teach-
ers, with hardly an exception, to take but little
interest in their Schools; and, worse than this,
has prevented them from engaging in teaching
as a permanent occupation, or even fill the
could acquire a professional experience. They,
like other men, are entitled to a living and a
livelihood. Till they can well support them-
selves by their vocation, it is useless to expect
that they will continue in it, whenever an op-
portunity occurs to engage in a more lucrative
calling. They need ample compensation for
services. When this and other inducements,
which seem not to exist now, are held out to
them by way of encouragement, then may they
be expected to possess all needed qualifications
and an entire willingness to devote the whole
of their time and talents to the noble work of
shaping the pinnacles of the youthful mind—
a work that never should be entrusted to an
inimitable pedagogue fortified by his paper cer-
tificates.

There is, it must be conceded, an imperative
demand for a thorough reformation in our Dis-
trict Schools, to prevent them from soon losing
all claims on the public attention.

How shall they be improved? Certainly,
not by employing conservative measures—
These have been tried too long already. Com-
petent instructors must come into, and up to,
the work of reformation. They must fraternize,
and unitedly act to bring system out of Chaos,
and order out of Anarchy. They must not
dread the Herculean task, but boldly cut off
the heads of the Lernaean Hydra. They must
labor long and earnestly till their efforts are
crowned with success, which will surely follow,
since right will not, in the end, fail to overcome
wrong.

Have we suitable teachers? We have, but
their number is small, much too small, and what-
ever good they can accomplish, however great
their influence may be, it is of scarce any
amount compared with the counteracting influ-
ence of their ignorant brethren who mismanage
their duties.

Teachers, before they can claim to be con-
sidered as such, must have acquired the requisite
qualifications for their arduous labors—
They should, in the main, educate themselves.
This they seldom have an opportunity of doing.
Teachers, if deficient in the outset, are not like
to improve sufficiently as they advance in years.
They generally go on as they have begun, till
habit becomes fixed, and then self-improvement
becomes too difficult.

The mechanic must learn his trade before he
is entitled to receive public support. He must
have a practical understanding of its minutest
details, before he can claim full wages. How
much more shall the teacher, who has soul en-
ough to care for, and to interest himself in his
occupation, take time to become well skilled in
all its duties, previous to offering himself as an
instructor of youth. If he is lacking in mental
training, how can he train the minds of his pu-
pils, and so direct them, that they shall grow
up, body and intellect, into full and vigorous
maturity.

A cobbler's destiny is to remain ever a cob-
bler. He cobbles over his last and to the last.
Yet, bunter as he is, his work is better per-
formed than that of the cobbling pedagogue. The
former's work is equal to the pay he receives,
while the latter almost always leaves his school
room worse than he found it. The ignorant
shoe mender adds durability to the old shoe,
though he may mar its comeliness. This cannot
be said of the bungling teacher, whose school
does not advance, but retrogrades.

The demand for suitable teachers far exceeds
the supply. This question now arises, where
shall teachers be instructed in the theory and
practice of teaching?

The district School is not the proper place;
neither is the Academy or Seminary, where,
indeed, literary qualifications can be acquired,
and but little else. These are needed. Teach-
ers cannot do without them, yet one thing more
is needed to render them competent for their
business. THEY MUST BE TAUGHT HOW TO
INSTRUCT. This must be an ultimate object in
their education, and to it all their mental train-
ing should be directed. They should be taught
by able and experienced instructors, who have
themselves tested the practicability of every
measure they recommend.

There must be schools instituted to graduate
young men and young women qualified to take
charge of our public schools. These should ad-
mit none but teachers, or those desirous to be-
come such, and should recommend none but
those who have proved themselves worthy to
become instructors. Schools of this kind are
known by the name of Normal Schools, and
they afford teachers the very best opportunities
of improving themselves in every thing relating
to their calling. It yet remains for them to be
founded in this, as in other States, by the fos-
tering care of the Legislature. Maine has done
much to provide for annual County Teachers'
Institutes, which are found to answer all reason-
able expectations, since they furnish valuable
aid not to be had elsewhere. But the teacher
cannot learn there all that he needs. They
cannot make him an adept in his business; for
they hold short sessions. He must have ample
time to learn many things, little by little, pre-
cept upon precept, line upon line. He must be
taught precisely as he should teach his scholars.
Then will he be able to educate—TO LEAD OUT
their nascent thoughts and faculties.

The Normal School, then, must educate our
teachers. There they can acquire not only lit-
erary qualifications, but also skill in school man-
agement, a great desideratum at the present
time.

The Educational Reform, which is beginning
to do much towards improving the "poor man's
college," cannot be sustained unless it is carried
on by practical teachers, those who have been
long engaged in their work, and who know what
is to be done, and how it is to be done. Their
number is much too small for the arduous enter-
prise in prospect; it must, therefore, be increas-
ed.

The exigencies of the times, requiring as they
do sound and useful education, demand pro-
fessional teachers, such as only Normal
Schools can make.

Let teachers of this State, as they regard their
true interests, urge upon the Legislature the es-
tablishment of these institutions of learning—
Let them petition in a body, let them agitate
and "keep it before the people" till Maine con-
sents to endow a sufficient number of Normal
Schools. Per order.

E. P. HINDS, Committee.

THIS STORY TELLER.

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.
The Deserted Sailor.
A TRUE STORY.

Among the group known as the Caribbean
Islands, there is a little spot—in a great atlas,
scarcely so large as a pin's head, and in reality a
mere dot in the waters which sweep around it—
called Sombro, a naked, desolate, barren, mis-
erable lump of rock, the resort of the sea-gull,
the occasional play-ground of the turtle, and the
scuff of the great billows of the Atlantic, which
hurl there uninvited bodies against it, as if
it would take a very little to induce them to swal-
low it up altogether. However, the little is-
land, with its territory embraced by a periph-
ery of a mile and a half, has long kept up a gal-
lant resistance, taking in obdurate stubbornness
the attack of the waves, which appear to be forever
gnashing their white teeth against its rugged
sides. Sombro offers a striking exception to
the character of the surrounding islands; it pos-
sesses no alluvial soil, no refreshing rivers, or
brooks, or springs, no verdant vegetation; noth-
ing in short, to invite or to favor the residence
of man, or to excite anything beyond the inci-
dental notice of the passing vessel. His Maj-
esty's sloop of war, the *Recruit*, on the 13th of
December, 1807, was standing towards this un-
promising spot, on which the first act of our
drama opens. It was Sunday afternoon, and
as the day closed, the island lifted its head,
lonely and melancholy-looking at all times, in
dusky obscurity above the waves, and looked
out upon the ocean, if possible, even in gloomier
solitude than ever. The *Recruit* was now about
a mile and a half off shore, when, between five
and six o'clock in the evening, Capt. L—
her commander, came on deck, having just risen
from dinner, with a face flushed with wine and
a quick impatience of gesture which portended
evil to some one on board. Giving a rapid
glance at the dim mass of rock now so near, he
hastily summoned the master, and asked:

"What island is this?"
"Sombro," was the reply.
"Have we not some thieves on board?"
"Yes, sir, there are two," answered the master
somewhat startled.
"Send up my pistols," said the captain.
The pistols were accordingly brought up, and
after undergoing a careful examination as to

their condition for service, were ostentatiously
laid on the capstan.

"Now send the ship painter here, with a strip
of black tarpaulin, and his paint and brushes."
The master hurried down to execute this
strange order, while the crew forward were
gathered into little knots, each inquiring of the
other what all this could mean. Presently the
painter appeared, with his tools and the piece
of canvass in his hand.

"Take your brush and paint the word
'THIEF' on that piece of canvass; paint it in
large letters!" exclaimed the captain.

With a hand not altogether the steadiest and,
under the fierce eye of the commander, not im-
proving in steadiness, the man proceeded to his
task. The five letters of shame soon, however,
glared from the canvass; and although not ex-
actly conspicuous for perpendicular and rectan-
gular accuracy of outlines, they were plain
enough for the purpose; and after compelling
his work, the man gladly received permission to
go below.

"Now send Robert Jeffery up here; lower
the ship's boat, and let her crew get ready to
take her off to the shore yonder!" shouted the
captain, who had already worked himself up in-
to a towering passion.

Robert Jeffery, a lad of eighteen, soon came
on deck, little dreaming of the terrible sentence
he was about to receive. He was dressed in a
blue jacket and trousers, and he held his hat in
his hand—but he had neither shoes nor stock-
ings. Giving a significant glance at his pistols,
the captain said to him—

"Jeffery, do you see that island? I am going
to land you on it!"

The poor fellow looked astonished, but dared
not offer any remonstrance; and was effectually
prevented from resisting the cruel order by
being immediately hurried over the side of the
ship, and seated in the boat's stern, with the
lieutenant and the boat's crew. He was allow-
ed no time to collect his clothes. "Never mind
his things," thundered the captain to one of the
men who was endeavoring hastily to gather to-
gether a few necessary articles for the lad. He
was cast out of the ship without provisions, with-
out shoes, without a covering beyond the clothes
he wore; and in this destitute condition he was
rapidly rowed ashore, half stupefied at the sud-
denness and severity of his fate. Upon his back
was sewed the strip of canvass which published
his crime. The lad was naturally of a weak,
nervous, retiring temperament, and had always
been somewhat of a skulker on board. His feel-
ings now overwhelmed him, and he continued
crying bitterly, until the boat reached the shore.

As they drew nearer the island, the rocks as-
sumed a more definite form, and a little way in-
land were several which bore all the appearance
of cottages. On landing, the lieutenant and
boat's crew accompanied the lad ashore, and
proceeded some little way into the island, to see
whether or not it was entirely a desert, or
whether the masses, which, in the darkness of a
rapidly approaching night looked like human
habitations, were really so. As they scrambled
up the sharp rocks poor Jeffery's unprotected
feet were cruelly cut, and bled profusely. One
of the crew seeing this, humbly plucked off
his own shoes, and gave them to the lad; another
gave him a knife; and a third a pocket
handkerchief, which he might use as a signal.

As they proceeded to the house-like rocks, it
was mentioned that the French fishermen oc-
casionaly resorted thither to catch turtle; so
that Jeffery's hopes were sustained with the
prospect of shortly getting shelter and food. On
arriving at the rocks, how bitterly were these
hopes disappointed! It was now quite dark, and
became therefore necessary that the crew should
immediately return to the ship. Leaving Jeff-
ery on the desolate rocks, after bidding him a
hasty farewell, they got into the boat, and were
soon at the ship's side. The boat was hauled
up, and the *Recruit* made all sail from the spot
where she had left one of her men to perish—
This transaction took place a little past
six in the evening. The captain shortly after-
wards went down to his cabin, and poor Jeffery
"embraced the rock for shelter." As the wind
came in fitful breaths upon the ship, mingled
with the murmur of the surf, the crew of the
Recruit more than fancied that they heard the
lamentations and cries of their unhappy mate.
Soon after the wind died away altogether, and
nothing was heard beyond the idle splash of the
waters against the ship's side, and the far
off and incessant sounds of conflict between the
waves of the Atlantic and the rocks of Sombro.

The night passed away; and at six the follow-
ing morning, the ship was still in sight of the spot;
and many were the conjectures of her crew as to
the probable fate of Jeffery. It could not be
discerned by them from the deck. Between
eight and nine the captain made his appearance
—and the officer of the watch, in the hope of
inducing him to send off a boat for Jeffery, re-
ported that Sombro was still in sight. But he
was inexorable. Strong fears were now enter-
tained that if the lad did not perish from hunger
and thirst, he would fall a victim to the wild
birds, which were both large and numerous
there. None of these things, however, moved
him; and having ordered all sail to be made,
the *Recruit*, under the impulse of a brisk wind,
bore off rapidly to the northward.

Leaving Jeffery to his fate, let us follow the

ship. Directing her course to Barbadoes, she
there joined the admiral's squadron. But the
hard-hearted act of her captain being whispered
about, it at length came to the admiral's ears,
and after severely reprimanding him for his
cruelty, commanded him immediately to return
and look for the man. Two months had pass-
ed since he was set on shore, when the *Recruit*
again hove in sight of this melancholy island;
and now, under the sting of an avenging con-
science, and the terrors of a prospective court-
martial, the commander hastily despatched a
boat to the shore, with the same commanding
officer and men who had landed his victim,
giving them urgent directions to leave no corner
unsearched. On landing, they disturbed a vast
flock of the birds called "noddies," and found
near the shore a multitude of nests full of their
eggs, and of young birds recently fledged, which
hopped about in all directions. At this visit it
was broad daylight, and now they saw to what
a dreadful tomb their captain had consigned
Jeffery two months previously. They searched
in vain for a drop of fresh water. There were
many sparkling pools as clear as a crystal; but
every one, without exception, was salt, and
consequently undrinkable. The island had a
craggy, sharp ascent; but on its summit was
perfectly flat, naked, and barren, unless a little
withered grass, rough and wire-like, can be called
a production, and a thin coat of sand and a
little detritus a covering. After a long search,
nothing was discovered of Jeffery. But a rude
tomahawk handle was picked up by one of the
men, and to their dismay a tattered pair of
trousers by another. Again and again they ex-
plored the rocks, dividing, and uniting and
searching every hole and corner; but they
found nothing more. They at length returned,
and reported the fruitless result of their ex-
pedition to their anxious captain; and the news
spread among the men, who, hearing of the
tomahawk handle and the trousers, were unani-
mous in the conviction that Jeffery had perished,
and probably by a violent death. The boat
was again ordered on shore, and this time the
captain himself went in her; every cranny in
the island was again searched, but with the same
result. There was no heap of bleaching bones
to indicate his death by the attacks of the birds;
but the handle and the torn garments seemed
to quench all hopes of his existence. What had
become of him? was the universal inquiry; and
a profession of utter ignorance, and of the in-
ability even to conjecture, was the universal
answer.

The *Recruit* again quitted Sombro for Bar-
badoes, Captain L— appeared before the
admiral, and expressing a conviction, which his
anxiety and fears belied, that the lad was safe,
and must have been picked up by some passing
vessel, the admiral was satisfied, and with a cul-
pable willingness to forgive, suffered the matter
to rest; and it rested, strange to say, for two
years; but it was again to be put into agitation.
A person having experienced, as he conceived,
some injustice at the hands of the admiral, and
being in full possession of all the particulars of
the cruelty he had so lightly passed over, deter-
mined so bring it to the light. He addressed a
letter to a member of Parliament, the representa-
tive of his native city, and strongly insisted
upon the propriety of calling a court-martial
upon the captain; in order to bring the ques-
tion to an issue. This appeal was sufficiently
powerful to set in motion the whole official ma-
chinery. A court of inquiry was summoned,
and sufficient grounds were procured for the
appointment of a court-martial. This step was
accordingly taken; many witnesses of the deed
were examined, whose testimony proved the
fact beyond the possibility of doubt; and the
particulars were given with a clearness which,
considering the lapse of time since the event
was remarkable, but was easily to be accounted
for by the deep impression such an occurrence
was likely to have made on the minds of the
men. In the defence, no attempt was made to
deny the fact; but it was pleaded that the lad
Jeffery was of infamous character, and had
proved incorrigible while on board. Nothing
worse, however, than truth was brought home to
the poor lad; and it remains to be seen that
even this was of a character so peculiar, as in
some degree to diminish its guilt. The court
did not hesitate an instance in its sentence; its
verdict was perfectly unanimous, and it
condemned the captain to be immediately
dismissed his majesty's service; and he was dis-
missed accordingly.

Whoever will turn to the "Times" newspaper
for February 13, 1810, will find under the head
of "Court-martial" a few particulars of this sin-
gular case; and on looking over Cobbett's
"Weekly Register" about the same period, it will
be seen that the public excitement on the sub-
ject was extreme. The verdict against Capt.
L— received the entire approbation of the
country. So far an act of justice was signally
rendered; but where was the victim in the
meantime? Was he dead or alive? Had he
been killed, or killed himself, or been devoured,
or starved, or drowned, or rescued? Upon a
motion by a popular leader in the House of
Commons, further inquiries about his fate were
immediately set on foot. Official instructions
were forwarded to our plenipotentiary in the
United States; for the report went that an
American ship had rescued him. The proper

steps were taken, and the result was as follows:
At a town of the name of Marblehead, near
Boston, in Massachusetts, the lost Robert Jeff-
ery was said to have been discovered. He was
immediately taken before a magistrate, and be-
ing interrogated, gave the following account of
himself: He stated that he was twenty-one
years of age; was born in Polperro, a village
in Cornwall; had been seized by a pressgang
when he was eighteen, which carried him on
board the *Recruit*; and having been brought
up to the trade of a blacksmith, was made ar-
mourer's mate on board of her. Soon after-
wards sailed for the West Indies; after a while
the stock of water ran low; the crew were allow-
ed to a certain quantity daily; and he be-
coming very thirsty, went one Saturday even-
ing to the beer cask, and drew off about two
quarts of spruce beer into a bucket, drinking
about three-fourths of that quantity, and leaving
the remainder. On the captain discovering this
theft, he was ordered to be placed on the black-
list. The Sunday following he was landed; by
the captain's orders, on Sombro. He found
it to be a desolate island, without any inhabi-
tant, or sustenance of any kind to support him,
and he remained on it nine days without any
food, save about a dozen lumps that he picked
off the rocks. At length he was rescued by an
American vessel, and hauled at a port in the
State of Massachusetts. This declaration was
signed with a cross. It was transmitted to En-
gland, and appeared at once in all the news-
papers.

This, it may be thought, was the end of the
matter. But far otherwise. Robert Jeffery had
a mother yet alive. She had perused with the
utmost anxiety the declaration thus officially set
forth, and she immediately addressed a letter to
the public journals, which rekindled all the pre-
vious uncertainty. Therein she solemnly de-
clared her conviction that the declaration thus
made was, if not wholly a fabrication at any rate
not made by her own son, but by some one who
had been suborned to perjure his unfortunate
child. The most remarkable circumstance in
confirmation of this opinion was the fact that
the papers signed Robert Jeffery were marked
with a cross, as is usual with persons who can-
not write their name; whereas it was averred
that Jeffery was a good scholar, and it was un-
likely that he should pretend ignorance of the
art of writing. The anxious mother further ad-
ded, that it was of the utmost importance to her
to know of the real existence of her son, in con-
sequence of the lease of her premises being held
on the dropping of three lives, of which her son's
was one, otherwise it would fall into the power
of the lord of the manor. Some of the journals
espoused her cause, but others affected to doubt
that this letter was in reality written by her—
The question was soon set at rest. A gentle-
man went down to her native village, found her
out, and was assured from her own lips that she
was the author of the letter. The village school-
master also bore his testimony to the fact of
Jeffery being able to write a fair hand. The
intelligence also came out that, when put on
shore at Sombro, he begged some of the men
who were his fellow-townsmen on no account to
tell his mother what had happened to him; thus
indicating a regard for her feelings which, it was
urged, would surely, if he were yet alive and
well, have long since induced him to write, and
assure her of his safety. Public interest was
now at fever heat. Mr. Cobbett fanned the
flame; and with his homely, common-sense
questions, kept poking the ribs of the Govern-
ment in a most uncomfortable manner, while he
stirred up an immense blaze among the people
by asking "Is this the treatment our 'jolly tars'
are to expect?—a question which, considering
the popularity of the navy, greatly added to the
ferment.

Matters now assume a very serious aspect—
The public appeared determined to bring by
any means the whole subject to an issue, and to
obtain information as to whether the lad was
really dead, or was yet living. Those in au-
thority found that it was high time to take some
decisive step to decide the question; and in a
short time, a ship, under the command of a cap-
tain in the navy, was on her way to Boston, with
the necessary documents to find out the young man,
and, if living, to bring him home. This proved
the climax in Jeffery's history. Some little
time elapsed before the result of the mission
could be known; during which, however, the
interest in the young man's fate by no means
diminished. And if the attention of the public
had been commanded by the peculiarities of the
case, how are we to describe the alternations of
hope and fear which agitated a mother's anx-
ious heart? At length the vessel returned
to put an final end to suspense as to the
man's destiny. The notice of her arrival
was accompanied by the following announce-
ment in the "Morning Post" newspaper:

"Jeffery, the seaman, was this day discharged
from the navy, by order of the Lord Commis-
sioners of the Admiralty. He was immediately
brought on shore, and set off for London!"

Thus was this long-pending and much agitated
question finally settled by the appearance of
the young man himself. A thousand inquiries
were now of course put to him about his adven-
tures; to most of which the following narrative
was the answer:

At first he was altogether unable to believe
that it was intended to abandon him in that des-

olate condition, upon an island, which the men
who brought him there knew to be uninhabited
and unproductive. He thought it probable he
was merely left there for the night to frighten
him, yet he could not help fearing the worst,
from the stern character of his captain. How
anxiously he watched for the morning! how
weakly that watched night passed away with-
out shelter, and without a second covering for
his frame! The morning came, and all his hopes
were confirmed on beholding the *Recruit*
only a few miles off the shore. He sat watch-
ing her from gray dawn until it was bright day-
light; every moment he expected to see the
same boat which had torn him from her, return
on the welcome errand to convey him back
again. Vain hopes! He saw her white sails
unfurling and filling out with wind, and perceiv-
ed that the distance between her and the island
was rapidly increasing, and then, as she became
a speck on the mighty waters, then only did he
give himself up to overwhelming despair, as the
awful reality of his fate came home to his mind.
She vanished in the horizon, and he saw her no
more. For two whole days he suffered dread-
fully from thirst, and deeply, though less dis-
tressing, for the cravings of hunger. To al-
lay the fever which consumed him, he drank a
considerable quantity of salt water, which how-
ever, only rendered his sufferings more intense.
Death was now before him, when most provid-
entially a refreshing shower of rain fell, and
the quantity which remained in the crevices of
the rocks supplied him so long as he remained
on the island. But he was at some difficulty in
drinking it; for it lay far such shallow pools or
in such narrow fissures, that it was at first per-
plexing how to avail himself of the precious gift.
The idea at length entered his mind of sucking
it out with a gull; and as the island abounded
in birds, he was at no loss to find one suitable
for his purpose. Inserting one end of this into
the crevices, he was able to suck sufficient to
quench his thirst, feeling inexpressively grateful
for this most opportune blessing. But nature
now renewed her other calls upon him, and
was imperative in her demands for food.

How to supply this want he knew not, nor
could he think of any means of doing so. He
saw a great number of birds of the gull kind,
rather larger than a goose, and attempted to
catch some, but in vain. He then hunted for
their eggs, but he could find only one, which
had probably lain there for months, for it
was in such an offensive putrid state, that
fainting as he was from inanition, he could not
touch it. The only food he had, if it could be
called food, was some bark, which he was so for-
tunate as to find cast upon the sea-shore. At
length, greatly to his joy, he saw a vessel in the
distance. With an exulting heart he watched
her emerge, sail after sail, from the blue hori-
zon. When her hull rose above the line, he
was half wild with delight; and plucking forth
his handkerchief, he waved it incessantly, every
minute expecting some signal to indicate that
he had been perceived. The great ship, with
her load of wealth and life, took no heed of the
poor outcast, and "passed by the other side," at
a distance too great for him to be discerned by
those on board. Another and another ship hove
in sight, and passed away, leaving him to his
tears, and hunger, and despair. Altogether, five
vessels were desecrated by him, each leaving him
more cast down and nearer death than before.
He had now despaired of rescue; and fainting
through hunger he sank down upon the shore.
But relief was at hand. An American vessel
passing nearer the island than usual, was hove
to at the command of the captain, in order that
he might examine the birds which were flying
in great numbers around it. On landing, the
men discovered our perishing seaman, carried
him in all haste to the boat, conveyed him on
board, and by kind and judicious treatment,
speedily restored him to perfect health. He
was thus delivered from his imminently perilous
situation, conveyed to Marblehead, where his
story excited at once the indignation and active
compassion of the people, who soon supplied him
with clothes, work and wages. There he peace-
ably spent this interval of time; and while Eng-
land was ringing with his name, he was pursu-
ing his humble occupation, wholly ignorant of
the tumult his case was exciting at home.

Immediately on his arrival in London, Robert
Jeffery became one of the metropolitan lions,
and was for some time visited by crowds
of persons, much to his pecuniary advantage—
This publicity stimulated Captain L— to
come to an arrangement, by which Jeffery
should be compensated for all his wrongs, and on
condition of removing to his native village.

After the manner of a real romance, we must
bear our hero company to the last. Accompa-
nied by an attorney's clerk, to whom he was en-
trusted, he set out for home. On the road from
Plymouth they met Jeffery's father-in-law, for
his mother had been twice married; he imme-
diately recognized with joy his long-lost relative;
and he ran forward to apprise his anxious mother
of the speedy arrival of her son. The news
flowed like lightning through the village—Robert
Jeffery was coming home safe and well! Be-
fore the young man reached the place, the
sound of the village bells was borne to his ears,
and quite overcame him. The inhabitants, old

[CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

Oxford Democrat.

NO. 8, VOLUME 8, NEW SERIES.

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OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY
G. W. Clark,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL.

REPORT on Normal Schools, submitted to the
Oxford Teachers' Association convened at
Rumford May 17th, 1848.

NORMAL SCHOOLS.

The committee appointed to consider the subject
of Normal Schools, having attended to his
duty, begs leave to respectfully submit the following
report:

The state of our Common Schools is lamentably
low. A multitude of causes too well understood
to need any specification, have for years
been operating to reduce these nurseries
of public education to their present condition.
Among the foremost of these causes stands the
employment of incompetent teachers, while
those meriting public confidence have been almost
entirely neglected; or if employed at all,
they have been compelled to content themselves
with the starling compensation so sparingly
dealt out to any one willing to work cheap.

Inadequate pay has, of necessity, forced teachers,
with hardly an exception, to take but little
interest in their Schools; and worse than this
has prevented them from engaging in teaching
as a permanent occupation, or even till they
could acquire a professional experience. They,
like other men, are entitled to a living and a
livelihood. Till they can well support themselves
by their vocation, it is useless to expect that
they will continue in it, whenever an opportunity
occurs to engage in a more lucrative calling.
They need ample compensation for services.
When this and other inducements, which seem
not to exist now, are held out to them by way
of encouragement, then may they be expected
to possess all needed qualifications and an entire
willingness to devote the whole of their time
and talents to the truly noble work of shaping
the plant faculties of the youthful mind—a work
that never should be entrusted to an itinerant
pedagogue fortified by his paper certificates.

There is, it must be conceded, an imperative
demand for a thorough reformation in our
District Schools, to prevent them from soon losing
all claims on the public attention.

How shall they be improved? Certainly,
not by employing conservative measures—
These have been tried too long already. Competent
instructors must come into, and up to, the
work of renovation. They must fraternize,
and unite to bring system out of Chaos,
and order out of Anarchy. They must not
dread the Herculean task, but boldly cut off
the heads of the Lernaean Hydra. They must
labor long and earnestly till their efforts are
crowned with success, which will surely follow,
since right will not, in the end, fail to overcome
wrong.

Have we suitable teachers? We have, but
their number is small, much too small, and what
ever good they can accomplish, however great
their influence may be, it is of scarce any
amount compared with the counteracting influence
of their ignorant brethren who mispermeate
their duties.

Teachers, before they can claim to be considered
as such, must have acquired the requisite
qualifications for their many arduous labors—
They should, in the main, educate themselves.
This, they seldom have an opportunity of doing.
Teachers, if deficient in the outset, are not likely
to improve sufficiently as they advance in years.
They generally go on as they have begun, till
habit becomes fixed, and then self-improvement
becomes too difficult.

The mechanic must learn his trade before he
is entitled to receive public support. He must
have a practical understanding of his minutest
details, before he can claim full wages. How
much more shall the teacher, who has soul enough
to care for, and to interest himself in his
occupation, take time to become well skilled in
all its duties, previous to offering himself as an
instructor of youth. If he be lacking in mental
training, how can he train the minds of his pupils,
and so direct them, that they shall grow up,
body and intellect, into full and vigorous manhood.

A Cobbler's destiny is to remain ever a cobbler.
Yet, bangle as he is, his work is better performed
than that of the cobbling pedagogue. The
former's work is equal to the pay he receives,
while the latter almost always leaves his school
room worse than he found it. The ignorant
shoe mender adds durability to the old shoe,
though he may mar its comeliness. This cannot
be said of the bungling teacher, whose school
does not advance, but retrogrades.

The demand for suitable teachers far exceeds
the supply. The question now arises, where
shall teachers be instructed in the theory and
practice of teaching?

The District School is not the proper place;
neither is the Academy or Seminary, where,
indeed, literary qualifications can be acquired,
and but little else. These are needed. Teachers
cannot do without them, yet one thing more
is needed to render them competent for their
business. THEY MUST BE TAUGHT HOW TO
INSTRUCT. This must be an ultimate object in
their education, and to it all their mental training
should be directed. They should be taught
by able and experienced instructors, who have
themselves tested the practicability of every
measure they recommend.

There must be schools instituted to graduate
young men and young women qualified to take
charge of our public schools. These should admit
none but teachers, or those desiring to become
such, and should recommend none but those
who have proved themselves worthy to become
instructors. Schools of this kind are known
by the name of Normal Schools, and they afford
teachers the very best opportunities of
improving themselves in every thing relating
to their calling. It yet remains for them to be
founded in this, as in other States, by the
fostering care of the Legislature. Maine has done
much to provide for annual County Teachers'
Institutes, which are found to answer all reasonable
expectations, since they furnish valuable
aid not to be had elsewhere. But the teacher
cannot learn there all that he needs. They
cannot make him an adept in his business; for
they hold short sessions. He must have ample
time to learn many things, little by little,
precept upon precept, line upon line. He must be
taught precisely as he should teach his scholars.
Then will he be able to educate—TO LEAD OUT
their nascent thoughts and faculties.

The Normal School, then, must educate our
teachers. There they can acquire not only literary
qualifications, but also skill in school management,
a great desideratum at the present time.
The Educational Reform, which is beginning
to do much towards improving the "poor man's
college," cannot be sustained unless it is carried
on by practical teachers, those who have been
long engaged in their work, and who know what
is to be done, and how it is to be done. Their
number is much too small for the arduous enterprise
in prospect; it must, therefore, be increased.

The exigencies of the times, requiring as they
do sound and useful education, demand more
practical teachers, such as only Normal
Schools can make.

Let teachers of this State, as they regard their
true interests, urge upon the Legislature the
establishment of these institutions of learning—
Let them petition in a body, let them agitate
and "keep it before the people" till Maine
consents to endow a sufficient number of Normal
Schools. Per order.

E. P. HINDS, Committee.

THE STORY TELLER.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

The Deserted Sailor. A TRUE STORY.

Among the group known as the Caribbean
Islands, there is a little spot—in a great
scarcely so large as a pin's head, and in reality
a mere dot in the waters which sweep around it—
called Sombrore, a naked, desolate, barren,
uninhabited, and almost unexplored island,
the occasional play-ground of the turtle, and the
scow of the great billows of the Atlantic, which
hardly there unwieldy bodies against it, as if it
would take a very little to induce them to swallow
it up altogether. However, the little island,
with its territory embraced by a periphery
of a mile and a half, has long kept up a gallant
resistance, taking in obdurate silence the
attack of the waves, which appear to be forever
gnashing their white teeth against its rugged
sides. Sombrore offers a striking exception to the
character of the surrounding islands; it possesses
no alluvial soil, no refreshing rivers, or
brooks, or springs, no verdant vegetation; nothing
in short, to invite or to favor the residence
of man, or to excite anything beyond the incidental
noise of the passing vessel. His Majesty's
sloop of war, the *Recruit*, on the 13th of
December, 1807, was standing towards this
promising spot, on which the first act of our
drama opens. It was Sunday afternoon, and
as the day closed in, the island lifted its head,
lonely and melancholy-looking at all times, in
dusky obscurity above the waves, and looked
out upon the ocean, if possible, even in gloomier
solitude than ever. The *Recruit* was now about
a mile and a half off shore, when, between five
and six o'clock in the evening, Capt. L—
her commander, came on deck, having just risen
from dinner, with a face flushed with wine and
a quick impatience of gesture which portended
evil to some one on board. Giving a rapid
glance at the dim mass of rock now so near,
he hastily summoned the master, and asked,
"What island is this?"

"Sombrore," was the reply.
"Have we not some thieves on board?"
"Yes, sir, there are two," answered the master
somewhat startled.
"Send up my pistols," said the captain.
The pistols were accordingly brought up, and
after undergoing a careful examination as to

their condition for service, were ostentatiously
laid on the capstan.

"Now send the ship painter here, with a strip
of black tarpaulin, and his paint and brushes!"
The master hurried down to execute this
strange order, while the crew forward were
gathered into little knots, each inquiring of the
other what all this could mean. Presently the
painter appeared, with his tools and the piece
of canvass in his hand.

"Take your brush and paint the word
"THIEF" on that piece of canvass; paint it in
large letters!" exclaimed the captain.

With a hand not altogether the staid and
under the fierce eye of the commander, not
proceeding in attendance, the man proceeded to his
task. The five letters of shame soon, however,
glared from the canvass; and although not exactly
conspicuous for perpendicular and rectangular
accuracy of outlines, they were plain
enough for the purpose; and after competing
his work, the man gladly received permission to
go below.

"Now send Robert Jeffery up here; lower
the ship's boat, and let her crew get ready to
take her off to the shore yonder!" shouted the
captain, who had already worked himself up into
a towering passion.

Robert Jeffery, a lad of eighteen, soon came
on deck, little dreaming of the terrible sentence
he was about to receive. He was dressed in a
blue jacket and trousers, and he held his hat in
his hand—but he had neither shoes nor stockings.
Giving a significant glance at his pistols,
the captain said to him—

"Jeffery, do you see that island? I am going
to land you on it!"

The poor fellow looked astonished, but dared
not offer any remonstrance; and was effectually
prevented from resisting the cruel order by
being immediately hurried over the side of the
ship, and seated in the boat's stern, with the
lieutenant and the boat's crew. He was allowed
no time to collect his clothes. "Never mind
his things," thundered the captain to one of the
men who was endeavoring hastily to gather
together a few necessary articles for the lad. He
was cast out of the ship without provisions, without
shoes, without a covering beyond the clothes he
wore; and in this destitute condition he was
rowed ashore, half stupefied at the audacity
and severity of his fate. Upon his back
was sewed the strip of canvass which published
his crime. The lad was naturally of a weak,
nervous, retiring temperament, and had always
been somewhat of a skulker on board. His feelings
now overwhelmed him, and he continued
crying bitterly, until the boat reached the shore.

As they drew nearer the island, the rocks
assumed a more definite form, and a little way
inland were several which bore all the appearance
of cottages. On landing, the lieutenant and
the boat's crew accompanied the lad ashore, and
proceeded some little way into the island, to see
whether or not it was entirely a desert, or
whether the masses, which, in the duskiness of
the rapidly approaching night looked like human
habitations, were really so. As they scrambled
up the sharp rocks poor Jeffery's unprotected
feet were cruelly cut, and bled profusely. One
of the crew seeing this, humanely plucked off
his own shoes, and gave them to the lad; and
another gave him a knife; and a third a pocket
handkerchief, which he might use as a signal—
As they proceeded to the house-like rocks, it
was mentioned that the French fishermen
occasionally resorted thither to catch turtle; so
that Jeffery's hopes were sustained with the
prospect of shortly getting shelter and food. On
arriving at the rocks, half bitterly were these
hopes disappointed; it was now quite dark, and
became therefore necessary that the crew should
immediately return to the ship. Leaving Jeffery
on the desolate rocks, after bidding him a
hasty farewell, they got into the boat, and were
soon at the ship's side. The boat was hauled
up, and the *Recruit* made all sail from the spot
where she had left one of her men to perish.

This transaction took place a little past
six in the evening. The captain shortly afterwards
went down to his cabin, and poor Jeffery
remained on the rocks for shelter. As the wind
came in fitful breaths upon the ship, mingled
with the murmur of the surf, the crew of the
Recruit more than fancied that they heard the
lamentations and cries of their unhappy mate.
Soon after the wind died away altogether, and
nothing was heard beyond the idle splash of
the waters against the ship's side, and the far
off and incessant sounds of conflict between the
waves of the Atlantic and the rocks of Sombrore.
The night passed away; at six the following
morning, the ship was still in sight of the spot;
and many were the conjectures of her crew as to
the probable fate of Jeffery. He could not
be discerned by them from the deck. Between
eight and nine the captain made his appearance
—and the officer of the watch, in the hope of
inducing him to send off a boat for Jeffery, re-
ported that Sombrore was still in sight. But he
was inexorable. Strong fears were now enter-
tained that if the lad did not perish from hunger
and thirst, he would fall a victim to the wild
birds, which were both large and numerous
there. None of these things, however, moved
him; and having ordered all sail to be made,
the *Recruit*, under the impulse of a brisk wind,
bore off rapidly to the northward.

Leaving Jeffery to his fate, let us follow the
American ship had rescued him. The proper

steps were taken, and the result was as follows:
At a town of the name of Marblehead, near
Boston, in Massachusetts, the lost Robert Jeffery
was said to have been discovered. He was
immediately taken before a magistrate, and be-
ing interrogated, gave the following account of
himself: He stated that he was twenty-one
years of age; was born in Polperro, a village
in Cornwall; had been seized by a pressgang
when he was eighteen, which carried him on
board the *Recruit*; and having been brought
up to the trade of a blacksmith, was made ar-
mourer's mate on board of her. Soon after-
wards sailed for the West Indies; after a while
the stock of water ran low; the crew were allow-
ed to a certain quantity daily; and he be-
coming very thirsty, went one Saturday evening
to the beer cask, and drew off about two
quarts of spruce beer into a bucket, drinking
about three-fourths of that quantity, and leaving
the remainder. On the captain discovering this
theft, he was ordered to be placed on the black
list. The Sunday following he was landed; by
the captain's orders, on Sombrore. He found
it to be a desolate island, without any inhabit-
ant, or sustenance of any kind to support him,
and he remained on it nine days without any
food, save about a dozen limpets that he picked
off the rocks. At length he was rescued by an
American vessel, and landed at a port in the
State of Massachusetts. This declaration was
signed with a cross. It was transmitted to Eng-
land, and appeared at once in all the news-
papers.

This, it may be thought, was the end of the
matter. But far otherwise. Robert Jeffery had
a mother yet alive. She had perused with the
most anxious declaration thus officially set
forth, and she immediately addressed a letter to
the public journals, which rekindled all the
previous uncertainty. Therein she solemnly de-
clared her conviction that the declaration thus
made was, if not wholly a fabrication at any rate
not made by her own son, but by some one who
had been suborned to perjure his unfortunate
child. The most remarkable circumstance in
confirmation of this opinion was the fact that
the papers signed Robert Jeffery were marked
with a cross, as is usual with persons who can-
not write their name; whereas it was averred
that Jeffery was a good scholar, and it was un-
likely that he should pretend ignorance of the
art of writing. The anxious mother further at-
tested, that it was of the utmost importance to her
to know of the real existence of her son, in con-
sequence of the loss of her premises being held
on the dropping of three lives, of which her son's
was one, otherwise it would fall into the power
of the lord of the manor. Some of the journals
espoused her cause, but others affected to doubt
that this letter was in reality written by her—
The question was soon set at rest. A gentle-
man went down to her native village, found her
out, and was assured from her own lips that she
was the author of the letter. The village school-
master also bore his testimony to the fact of
Jeffery being able to write a fair hand. The
intelligence also came out that, when put on
shore at Sombrore, he begged some of the men
who were his fellow-townsmen on no account to
tell his mother what had happened to him; thus
indicating a regard for her feelings which, it was
argued, would surely, if he were yet alive and
well, have long since induced him to write, and
assure her of his safety. Public interest was
now at fever heat. Mr. Cobbett fanned the
flame; and with his homely, common-sense
questions, kept poking the ribs of the Govern-
ment in a most uncomfortable manner, while he
stirred up an immense blaze among the people
by asking "Is this the treatment our jolly tars
are to expect?"—a question which, considering
the popularity of the navy, greatly added to the
ferment.

Matters now assume a very serious aspect—
The public appeared determined to bring by
any means the whole subject to an issue, and to
obtain information as to whether the lad was
really dead, or was yet living. Those in au-
thority found that it was high time to take some
decisive step to decide the question; and in a
short time, a ship, under the command of a cap-
tain in the navy, was on her way to Boston with
the necessary documents to find out the young man,
and, if living, to bring him home. This proved
the climax in Jeffery's history. Some little
time elapsed before the result of the mission
could be known; during which, however, the
interest in the young man's fate by no means
diminished. And if the attention of the public
had been commanded by the peculiarities of the
case, how are we to describe the alternations of
hope and fear which agitated a mother's an-
xious heart? At length the vessel returned
to put an end to the suspense as to the
man's destiny. The notice of her arrival
was accompanied by the following announce-
ment in the *Morning Post* newspaper:

"Jeffery, the seaman, was this day discharged
from the navy, by order of the Lord Commis-
sioners of the Admiralty. He was immediately
brought on shore, and set off for London."

Thus was this long-pending and much agitated
question finally settled by the appearance of
the young man himself. A thousand inquiries
were now of course put to him about his adven-
tures; to most of which the following narrative
was the answer.

At first he was altogether unable to believe
that it was intended to abandon him in that des-

olate condition, upon an island, which the most
who brought him there knew to be uninhabited
and unproductive. He thought it probable he
was merely left there for the night to frighten
him, yet he could not help fearing the worst,
from the stern character of his captain. How
anxiously he watched the morning! How
warily he watched night passed away with-
out shelter, and without a second covering for
his frame! The morning came, and all his hopes
were confirmed on beholding the *Recruit*
only a few miles off the shore. He sat watch-
ing her from gray dawn until it was bright day-
light; every moment he expected to see the
same boat which had torn him from her, return
on the welcome errand to convey him back
again. Vain hopes! He saw her white sails
unfurling and filling out with wind, and perceiv-
ed that the distance between her and the island
was rapidly increasing, and then, as she became
a speck on the mighty waters, then only did he
give himself up to overwhelming despair, as the
awful reality of his fate came home to his mind.
She vanished in the horizon, and he saw her no
more. For two whole days he suffered dread-
fully from thirst, and deeply, though less dis-
tressing, for the cravings of hunger. To al-
leviate the fever which consumed him, he drank a
considerable quantity of salt water, which, how-
ever, only rendered his sufferings more intense.
Death was now before him, when most providen-
tially a refreshing shower of rain fell, and
the quantity which remained in the crevices of
the rocks supplied him so long as he remained
on the island. But he was at some difficulty in
drinking it: for it lay in such shallow pools or
in such narrow fissures, that it was at first per-
plexing how to avail himself of the precious gift.
The idea at length entered his mind of sucking
it out with a quill; and as the island abounded
in birds, he was at no loss to find one suitable
for his purpose. Inserting one end of this into
the crevices, he was able to suck sufficient to
quench his thirst, feeling inexpressively grateful
for this most opportune blessing. But nature
now renewed her other calls upon him, and
was imperative in her demands for food.

How to supply this want he knew not, nor
could he think of any means of doing so. He
saw a great number of birds of the gull kind,
rather larger than a goose, and attempted to
catch some, but in vain. He then hunted for
their eggs, but he could find only one, which
had probably lain there for months, for it
was in such an offensively putrid state, that
fainting as he was from inanition, he could not
touch it. The only food he had, if it could be
called food, was some bark, which he was so for-
tunate as to find cast upon the sea-shore. At
length, greatly to his joy, he saw a vessel in the
distance. With an exulting heart he watched
her emerge, sail after sail, from the blue hori-
zon. When her hull rose above the line, he
was half wild with delight; and plucking forth
his handkerchief, he waved it incessantly, every
minute expecting some signal to indicate that
he had been perceived. The great ship, with
her lord of wealth and life, took no heed of the
poor outcast, and "passed by the other side," at
a distance too great for him to be discerned by
those on board. Another and another ship
came in sight, and passed away, leaving him to
tears, and hunger, and despair. Altogether, five
vessels were descried by him, each leaving him
more cast down and nearer death than before.
He had now despaired of rescue; and fainting
through hunger he sank down upon the shore.
But relief was at hand. An American vessel
passing nearer the island than usual, was loath
to at the command of the captain, in order that
he might examine the birds which were flying
in great numbers around it. On landing, the
men discovered our perishing seaman, carried
him in all haste to the boat, conveyed him on
board, and by kind and judicious treatment,
speedily restored him to perfect health. He
was thus delivered from his imminently perilous
situation, conveyed to Marblehead, where his
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compassion of the people, who soon supplied him
with clothes, work and wages. There he peace-
ably spent this interval of time; and while Eng-
land was ringing with his name, he was pursu-
ing his humble occupation, wholly ignorant of
the tumult his case was exciting at home.

Immediately on his arrival in London, Robert
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fame, and was for some time visited by crowds
of persons, much to his pecuniary advantage—
This publicity stimulated Captain L—
to come to an arrangement, by which Jeffery
should be compensated for all his wrongs, and a
handsome sum was accordingly paid him, on
condition of removing to his native village.

After the manner of a real romance, we must
bear our hero company to the last. Accompanied
by an attorney's clerk, to whom he was en-
trusted, he set out for home. On the road from
Plymouth they met Jeffery's father-in-law, for
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ately recognized with joy his long-lost relative;
and he ran forward to apprise his anxious mother
of the speedy arrival of her son. The news
drew like lightning through the village—Robert
Jeffery was coming home safe and well! Be-
fore the young man reached the place, the
sound of the village bells was borne to his ears,
and quite overcame him. The inhabitants, old

[Continued on Fourth Page.]

THE HUMILIATION OF THE WHIGS.

The convention at Philadelphia has sent the whig party into the canvass in an attitude of abject humiliation unknown before to the political history of this country. Claiming to be the PARTY OF CONSERVATISM, they have chosen for their standard-bearer a soldier with his sword at his side, who has no political past, and who has earned to give them one single guaranty for his political future. Claiming throughout the whole northern section—that is, the whig section—of the Union to be as a party firmly planted upon a platform of hostility to the extension of the slave interest, they have suffered themselves, under the menace and at the dictation of the whigs of southern democratic States, to thrust aside all their best and ablest and most trusted statesmen identified with that platform, and to have foisted upon them by southern votes as their presidential candidate a large and opulent slaveholder, whose interests, and habits, and associations bind him to fixed opposition to all their peculiar views. Claiming to take their stand as a party by a unanimous vote in the Senate against the annexation of new territory—rallying at this moment against the democratic ticket, mainly because, as they allege, it promises an annexation administration—and having, in this view denounced our glorious war with Mexico as robbery and murder, they have chosen as their representative and leader a man known to the country exclusively by his feats in this war, by which a vast annexation of new territory has been achieved. As if frightened and chagrined at the spectacle of partisan tergiversation and dishonor which they thus exhibit to the world—as if feeling that now any pretended profession of party principles from men who could so act must be received as a poor and sorry farce by an intelligent and patriotic people—they have shrunk away from any attempt to lay down any platform of political doctrine whatever, on the truth of which, and in the strength of which to come before the country and ask its suffrages. And in this channelling together (for we cannot call their motley and ill-considered union a political rally)—in thus channelling together under a mere name, absolutely denuded of all political significance; in thus taking up without pledge or condition, the National Union, and the Independent nominees, who had even openly avowed himself ready to be the Democratic nominee, and who could not be persuaded, under his own hand, to retract or modify one word of his recent letter which spurned the decision of the whig convention, even at the moment when he came before it—in thus deliberately laying down all their ancient party organization to be trampled under the iron heel of their former horror, a military chieftain, he never remembered that the Whig Convention have at the same time done their very worst and their very utmost to compromise and degrade the position of the man for whose supposed popularity they have thus shamelessly luckstered all that any party, if true to itself, must hold most sacred and dear!

It is from their own journals that we now learn that Gen. Taylor, who never surrenders, has surrendered at last to whig intrigues, and whig subservience, and whig lust for the lure of "the spoils!" By a whole volume of letters, early and recent, he had pledged himself to a position of "independence." He would be a "people's candidate," and nothing else! Any party might nominate him, but he would be no party's champion or representative! With these high professions yet sounding on his lips, with the ink which recorded them for the public eye not yet dried, he fell—in an evil hour for his renown, for his consistency, and his firmness, he fell—among the whigs. All the ingenuities of political deception were at once at work. Letter after letter was evoked from one not skilled (however of late practised) in political letter-writing. Finally, opines painfully elaborated to bear any meaning, or no meaning, were furnished ready-made for his signature; and when at last it was found that language had no formula vague enough, and broad enough, and non-committal enough, to form a ground upon which the whigs could with tolerable pretence of party integrity unite upon Zachary Taylor as a candidate,—then, as a last resort a whole State delegation was authorized to go into the convention, and *vice versa* attempt to define the undefinable—to draw lines and split hairs in the endeavor to mark the precise measure of obedience which General Taylor would render to the convention whose nominee he sought to become, and to assume for themselves, and to withdraw from him in whose behalf they spoke all the "inconsistency" of a most palpable and flagrant renegeation of his former declarations of his "independent supporters!"

Such in brief outline—amplified illustrations of which we shall furnish hereafter—is the machinery by which the whigs have brought their candidate into the field. Is it to be wondered at, that the best spirits of the whig party rose up at once upon the spot, revolted, incensed, and violently protesting against the whole proceeding? Is it to be wondered at, that Judge Allen, of Massachusetts—one of the ablest, calmest, and most eminent members of the convention—proclaimed that "the whig party was from that day dissolved?" Is it to be wondered at, that Mr. Wilson from the same State, and Mr. Campbell for Ohio, openly announced (one of them with the solemnity of an oath) their fixed opposition to the nominee, and their determination to go home and rally their States to that opposition? Why, even the editor of the New York Tribune himself—as ardent, devoted and uncompromising a whig as there is in the country, who could no more be expected to bolt a whig nomination than the nominee himself—even he, fastidious by this transaction of the Philadelphia convention; and looking back upon its treacheries, its subservience, its utter abnegation of principle, its entire disregard of the claims of

the northern whig States, its browbeating of the delegates from Ohio and Massachusetts, (the loss of either of which State is ruin to the whigs), and finally upon its secret session, its slave plottings, in which the people being shut out, these whig wire-pullers huddled up in the dark a bargain-nomination, the process of which they dared not reveal—even he is forced to tell his readers that he must stand and wait awhile, that he must see whether something else cannot be done a little more worthy of a freeman than a support of a nominee for the people's highest office, so situated and so presented!

And if the whigs themselves, thus for very shame, stand against a proceeding thus designed to secure to them a short-lived triumph and a temporary glut of the spoils of office, how should it be received by the mass of the people? With what zeal and confidence ought not the democrats to unite as one man, and put down the most corrupt fusion of party and no-party elements in a canvass that the elections of this country ever saw! The Harrison humbug was had enough. It cheated the people once, to their cost, and once for all. They learned, in the Saturnalia of that infamous campaign, the nature of the opponents with whom they have to deal. They learned then the miserable shifts and the wretched deceptions and trickeries to which the party of privilege must always resort, in order to gain, even a momentary mastery in a country where the mass of the people vote. But now the plight of the whigs is still worse. They are not now only the party of corrupt privilege. A new brand is upon them. The events of the last two years have stamped them as the party of MORAL TREASON. In their desperation, they have resorted to a fraud upon the people, in comparison with which their Harrison canvass was fair and manly. The "Old Zack" humbug is the last and lowest step of their political degradation. On their own showing, it betrays their last remaining pretence of a claim to any share of the people's confidence. The best men of their own party hang their heads at the shame of it. The very strongholds of their strength are in revolt against it; and in the dissolution of their party, which it is seen to involve, and in the aggression of baser elements which it substitutes for the whig party of old, it summons every democrat, as he values his own principles and the honor of his country, to gird on his armor and go with his whole heart into a contest to put down a sordid and unprincipled political intrigue, and to plant his hope of victory on a firm and unshaken confidence in the virtue and intelligence of the people! [Washington Union.]

ALAS, POOR YORICK.

As an instance of the mode in which the crest-fallen Clay whigs are jeered by their triumphant allies, the original Taylor men, we publish the following article from the Journal of Commerce, in which it is very coolly stated that the whig party is in such hopeless condition, that, without the aid of some other appeal than to mere principle, and with the best man among them for a standard bearer, they would "be left out of sight by Gen. Cass in the race for the White House"—that even with the nomination of Gen. Taylor it would have been their destruction to put forth any avowal of principle. "They have only to stick to their principles," says this advocate of Gen. Taylor's election, "to enjoy all the glory of political expediency of the tallest kind!" How the Clay whigs hear this sort of jeering, we have informed our readers, in part, already. The more independent and spirited of them openly defy the ascendant party and will vote against the re-nomination. Others—those dependent upon politics as a game—will support the ticket "without why or wherefore."

It is for the people, whose interests are threatened by this new combination of men whose poverty of principle is their boast, to see to it that on the proceedings of no "National Slaughter-House" does their prosperity depend.

THE LATE WHIG CONVENTION.

The New York Tribune speaks of the late whig convention at Philadelphia as the "National Slaughter-House." The trouble seems to be, that the convention made no declaration of principles, either in the form of resolutions, or in an address to the people of the United States. Whether Fourierism is one of the principles which they were expected to avow, we are unable to say. The Tribune tells us that they ought to have urged the doctrine of *protection* to particular interests—distribution of the proceeds of the public lands among the states, net-withstanding the "enormous debt just saddle upon the country"—and a general system of internal improvements, "calculated to diffuse the benefits of such improvement to every section and every interest in the country." To paraphrase the whole in one sentence, they should have recommended a rapid increase of the "enormous debt just saddle upon us," by a wasteful, pervading system of internal expenditure, and at the same time cut off all aid to the revenue for sales of public land, leaving both principal and interest of the present and future debt to be met by duties on imports, or not at all. It requires not a prophet's ken, to predict with certainty that if such doctrines had been put forth by the whig convention, not even the popularity of Gen. Taylor could have saved the party from destruction. For in the first place, he never would have assented to such doctrines, nor admitted to his compeers the men who sought to thrust them upon him. In the next place, any presidential candidate adopting them as his creed, would be left out of sight by Gen. Cass in the race for the White House; and the little clique at his heels would find themselves in a minority so hopeless that they would be ashamed of their own shadow. Most fortunately for the whig party, a majority of their delegates, either not desiring to endorse such a miserable treachery, its utter abnegation of principle, or foreseeing that it would be equivalent to an ignominious defeat, reverted

to the only feasible alternative which remained, viz: *entire silence*. This at once enlarged the platform on which they stood, and rendered it possible for men of widely differing sentiments to unite in promoting a common object. Now if certain men preferred defeat with Henry Clay, to victory with any other man, we do not see why they need complain of the result, for they can be accommodated still. They have only to stick to their "principles," i. e. to their idol, and they will enjoy all the glory of political martyrdom, or rather, suicide, of the tallest kind.

DRIVING AND COAXING.

If anything could add to the outrage lately perpetrated upon the whig party it would be the arrogant and dictatorial airs assumed by the Taylor men towards the Clay men on the one hand, and the patronizing and wheedling tone adopted on the other. For instance the Portland Empire, a paper which never called itself a whig paper until after the nomination of Gen. Taylor, has all at once become the Jupiter Tonus of the federal party, and fulminates thus:

"Every man who cannot go with the whig party, should recede from it at once and join the enemy, or unite with those who are trying to raise up a party founded on sectional issues. There are no doubts, some among us who will rejoice at this opportunity of breaking away from the whig party. Personal ambition, embittered feeling, or private purposes may find more scope elsewhere. Let all such men go. The party will remain, purified by their desertion."

On the other hand, the New York Journal of Commerce, heretofore an equivocal whig journal, uses the following coaxing language, which must be exceedingly more offensive to the high-toned federal admirers of Clay, who have always fought the battles of whiggery, than the dictatorial language of the Empire:

"As for the Clay men, it is natural they should be disappointed, but we think we know enough of human nature to feel assured that nineteen twentieths of them will soon acquiesce in the decision of the convention, and be convinced that under the circumstances it was politic and necessary. Such men should be treated with forbearance. Time will do for them what reproaches cannot. It is a great sacrifice of which they are called to make. Give them time, and they will make it cheerfully."

To be in the condition of objects of forbearance on the part of such fellows as have had the direction of the Taylor movement, must be highly congenial to the Clay whigs!

As an evidence of what they have to swallow in the nomination of Taylor, the following facts are cited:

Of the eleven states that voted against Mr. Polk in 1844, but three voted for Mr. Taylor on the first ballot in the whig convention; and of these three two were about equally divided, and the third is hardly a whig state.

Of the fifteen states that voted for Mr. Polk, ten voted against Mr. Clay in the convention. From the states that threw 103 votes against Mr. Polk in 1844, Mr. Taylor, on the first ballot, received 31 votes.

From the states that in 1844 cast 170 votes for Mr. Polk, there were 104 votes cast against Mr. Clay.

Thus it is, that in the sections where the whig party have little to hope for at the polls, there the Taylor strength is found. The democratic states make the nomination for the whig party—the other states are called upon to do the voting. This is the entertainment to which they are invited! [Age.]

THE WHITE HORSE AND THE WHITE HOUSE.

In 1844, with Polk and Clay in field, the contest was one of high and well-defined principle. Every one understood the issues, and voted accordingly. The question of tariff, bank, subservience, distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, were all distinctly presented and ably argued by both sides, and the verdict of the country solemnly and deliberately rendered at the ballot box.

The great democratic party go into the canvass again as they have ever done, upon a broad and firm platform. They have nothing to disguise. There stands their political creed. They ask the voters to look at it—to read it—to study it well. Upon the political wisdom and intrinsic justice of that creed they are ready to stand or fall.

How is it with the federal party? They have repudiated principle in the canvass. They go for men. They even rejected, at their Convention, a resolution that their candidate should be a whig! They have not only done this, but have placed themselves in *opposition* to some of their own doctrines, for the sake of victory.

Occupying this contemptible position, they can have but one mode of conducting the canvass. They must make up in slang phrases, in coarse jokes, in vulgar personalities, what they will want in argument. "A LITTLE MORE GRAVE"—"OLD WHITEY" and similar catch-phrases will soon be the style in use. Specimens are already beginning to pour upon us: Here is one from the Nashville Whig:

"Fetch out 'Old Whitey'! Fetch him out!"

"We heard from him recently, and he was in tip top condition—standing straight on his legs, and bearing on the bit."

"He paraded in the valley, and rejoiced in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men."

"He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword!"

"The quiver rattled against him, the glittering spear and the shield."

"He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet."

"He saith among the trumpet, Ha! Ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off; the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

"Talk about beating this dear, gallant old War-Horse! Nonsense! Why he has been trained by *Honesty*, has *Patriotism* for his rider and is entered by the People! Clear the track—don't you see he is a coming!"

Aye, don't you see HE HAS COME! Stand aside, locos. With one flit of his tail he will cast the veritable jockey of Michigan beyond the Rocky Mountains, and with a toss of his gallant main capsize Butler in the Gulf of Mexico. Clear the track! HE'S COMING!!!

And here is another. Mr. Collier at the federal convention in Philadelphia, said:

"Why sir, when the victories achieved by Gen. Taylor on the 8th and 9th of May, first came up to Ohio, to that part of Ohio I have the honor to represent, it was received with such enthusiasm that I was satisfied that we could have at once elected old Zack, President of the United States, and his WHITE CHARGER VICE PRESIDENT!"

It was that infamous old Roman rascal, Cincinnatus, who made his horse a consul, fed him at his own table, and made his subjects honor him.

The federalists seem inclined to follow his example.

Such language shows the low estimate our opponents place upon the intelligence of the American people. Here is a man who dares tell them that they would elevate a HORSE to the second highest office in their gift? And this insolent declaration was received, as the papers inform us, with "loud cheers."

Let the federalists, if they choose, adopt this degrading mode of warfare. We thank Heaven that the democracy are under no such necessity. They will stand up to their principles, faithfully and honestly. They will go to the ballot box with those principles; and they will triumphantly vindicate them. The federalists may trot their four-legged candidate on the course, if they will, and he will be a fair representation of the present unreasoning condition of their party; but they err essentially when they suppose that they can ride him rough shod over the people, and trample them down with impunity. THE WHITE HORSE and the WHITE HOUSE have no affinities in common. [Argus.]

THE SPECKLED PARTY.

The whig party now comprises the following divisions:

Clay Whigs.
Taylor Whigs.
Out and out Taylor men.

Chinese Taylor men—being such as were converted to Taylorism by the jugglery of the convention.

Cotton Whigs.
Negro and Tobacco Whigs.

Free Soil Whigs—none to be found at present.

War and Slavery Whigs.

Southern Whigs.
Northern Whigs with Southern Principles.

Conscience Whigs—very few in number.

Whigs in Suspense—being such as have not yet found out who they are for.

Whigs without a Why or a Wherefore.

Whig upon Principle—very scarce.

Democratic Whigs—this species are mentioned in some newspapers, but are supposed to be nearly extinct at this time.

Screaming Whigs—never heard of but one of this species.

Anti-Rent Whigs—being such as were pardoned out of States Prison by Gov. Young.

No Territory Whigs—these are 14 in number.

Honest Whigs—one Davis of Massachusetts is all that is reckoned in this species.

Mexican Whigs—nearly all these surrendered to Gen. Taylor at the famous battle of the Chinese Mission.

Hard Cider and Log Cabin Whigs—known by their bright buttons and noses.

Office Seeking Whigs—this species are said to be very numerous and exceedingly fierce.—[Saco Democrat.]

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

With the mass who is the man?
General Cass, of Michigan.

What, if we run Harry Clay?
Heavy debts we'll have to pay.

Can't we get in General Scott?
No, I rather reckon not.

Then suppose we take brave Taylor?
He, like 'Tyler too,' may fail, or—

(Well you know your former fate,
So take warning ere to late.)

If you wish your rights protected,
Lewis Cass must be elected.

If you wish them thrown away,
Go for Taylor—Scott—or Clay.

I, like every honest man,
Vote for Cass of Michigan.

LUCIEN MURAT.

Mr. Kendall of the Pennyroy, writing from Paris, says:

"I learn with pleasure that Lucien Murat, of the former King of Naples, has been returned from his father's birth place, the department of the Lot. The Prince, as he is called, was living quietly at his residence in New Jersey, when the news of the French revolution came, and when it was understood that a National Assembly was to be elected by general suffrage, he at once took a steamer for Liverpool. Arrived there, he made all haste for Paris, and thence proceeded immediately to the department in which he intended to offer himself as a candidate.

He only reached the spot when the election was half over; but when he announced himself and his intentions, the old friends of his father gave him a most cordial welcome, and promised him most zealous support. Adverse factions attempted to thwart him, but he at once took the stump a la Kentucky, and belabored his adversaries in a style that would do credit to the Western country generally. The chief

spokesman of one of the ultra clubs asked him, thinking to involve the new aspirant, whether he was in favor of one chamber or two? In favor of two, a Senate and House of Representatives, the same as in the United States, most distinctly and decidedly was the honest response, and this bold answer turned the current in his favor, and elected him by a handsome majority."

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

"The Union must be preserved."

PARIS, MAINE, JUNE 27, 1848.

Democratic Republican Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GEN. LEWIS CASS,
OF MICHIGAN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
GEN. WILLIAM O. BUTLER,
OF KENTUCKY.

FOR ELECTORS,
HUGH J. ANDERSON, of Belfast.
RUFUS MCINTIRE, of Parsonsfield.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JOHN W. DANA.

Senatorial District.

The Democratic Republicans of Oxford Senatorial District are requested to meet, by their Delegates, at the COURT HOUSE, in Paris, in said County, on THURSDAY, the TWENTY FOURTH DAY OF AUGUST NEXT, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, to nominate THREE SENATORS for said District, and to transact any other business pertaining to said District.

Per order of Committee.

June 24, 1848.

County Convention.

The Democratic Republicans of Oxford County are requested to meet, by their Delegates, at the COURT HOUSE, in Paris, in said County, on THURSDAY, the TWENTY FOURTH DAY OF AUGUST NEXT, at one of the clock in the afternoon, to select candidates for COUNTY OFFICERS, and to attend to any other business that may come before the Convention.

Per order of Co. Committee.

June 24, 1848.

Democratic Republican Convention.

The Democratic Republicans of the Oxford towns belonging to the First Congressional District are hereby requested to meet in Convention at Norway Village, on WEDNESDAY, the 23d of AUGUST next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the next Congress, and to transact any other business that may come before the Convention.

Also, to nominate a candidate for Elector of President and Vice President of the United States to be supported by the Democratic Republicans of said District at the ensuing election.

Terms are requested to read the usual number of Delegates.

Per Order of the Democratic Committee.

June 20, 1848.

DEMOCRACY ADVANCING.

It would seem that this is an age in which everything that concerns the welfare of mankind is receiving the impress of high and holy principles. The great mass of the people themselves, not only in this country, but throughout christendom, and even in barbarous countries, are awaking to a manly sense of their own inalienable rights. They seem to act as though they were endowed by a supreme intelligence with powers and faculties for the improvement of which they alone are responsible, and in the exercise of which they will not be molested or turned aside by any form of tyranny, however sanctified by the venerableness of age, or the formulas of charters.

The rights of man are older than parliaments, more sacred than any other institution, which possesses no other distinguishing virtue than the cherished associations of a past age, when one man could rule a nation, and his despotic authority could force a nation to violate the principles of humanity, and to trample upon the rights of wood and drawers of water.

Humanity is passing away; and man is beginning to think that he cannot accomplish the great ends of his existence, and be of service to his fellow-men, unless he be at liberty to act as a free man in his moral, social and political relations. That he has the right he knows full well; and the puny restrictions and empty insignia of office and station, without the all-sustaining power of conscious principle, and the potent charm of a people's voice and a people's heart, are but as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals," which may serve to arouse for a while, but will vanish at the first burst of popular indignation.

A few years since, and the federal-whig party swept over the country like a tornado. We felt that we were beaten; that the democracy were beaten; but not conquered—and at the same time our faith in a speedy reaction and the ultimate triumph of the principles of democracy was unshaken. We felt that good would come out of evil; that the "sober second thought" would set matters right, and the truth in the end prevail. Thus thought the great majority of the democratic party, and it proved true.

One State after another retraced its steps; and at length JAMES K. POLK was elected President of the United States, and democracy resumed its place in the councils of the nation.

Since that time how much has been crowded into the space of years that have passed. How much to cause the federalists to pause and reflect, and the democrats to hope and rejoice!

How much to make the former review the doctrines which they have avowed, but now abandoned for no principle, with the great "embodiment" for a "nonentity!" and the latter to press forward still stronger in support of the principles which they profess!

The democratic party, perhaps had its sins, but it is now rising, punished by the chastisings which it has suffered.

The revolution will advance, till the great work which it has to do, is accomplished. The present age is a peculiar one. We repeat—mind is every where struggling to be free, and no less in the United States than in most of the governments of Europe. Proofless is written on the face of all things. There is no such thing as standing still—no middle ground between democracy and federalism. Conservation is as dangerous to the liberties of the country—aye, more dangerous than federalism itself; for the former professes to trust the people and have faith in the capacity of man for self-government, and yet opposes all measures for extending the powers of the masses, as dangerous, and is quite willing to deal out special privileges to the few.

On the contrary, federalism is open in its declarations of want of confidence in the people, and avows, manfully, that it is the part of wisdom to found government on property, and that it is the duty of government to take care of the rich and the poor will take care of themselves. True they deny these principles now, and pretend that all issues are set aside—no party is the cry now—but it is only that they may the more effectually obtain the power to carry out these principles.

But it is too late, in this age, when the march of democratic principle is like the bound of a century, and is not to be measured by the scale of past times, and the slow gradations of the cause of truth, for a factions minority to attempt to control the rights of a whole people—with no avowed principle or measures by which they are to be governed in the administration of the affairs of the nation. Both federalism and noism will fall before the tide of radical democracy, which is now sweeping over the country, and will continue to rush onward, till the citadels of special privileges, whose foundations are laid upon the sand, are prostrated, and in their stead, every where, the pure principles of democracy, erected upon the eternal basis of equal rights and exact justice, rise to the heavens in all their native beauty and glory.

SUSTAIN YOUR LOCAL PAPERS.—The Boston Post, one of the best and most consistent democratic papers in New England, gives the following sensible advice:

"Democrats can in no manner render more efficient aid to their party and its candidates, than by a ready and general support of democratic papers printed nearest to them—we would say to every democrat in the country, be sure to take the democratic paper nearest to your residence as the first step in the great campaign of 1848. The country papers are managed with ability and industry, and contain excellent summaries of the news, while they discuss the great political questions of the day lucidly and elaborately. By extending to them additional support you will enlarge their capacity for usefulness, and secure that general diffusion of sound principles and current intelligence upon which the success of your party depends."

THE GREAT PREMIUM.—The sealed bids for the loan of sixteen millions of dollars were opened in the office of the Treasury Department in Washington on the 17th inst. The total amount bid was \$30,333,110, nearly every dollar at a premium. The whole loan was bid for in the name of "Corcoran & Riggs, for themselves, Baring Brothers & Co., of London, and others," at a premium of \$3 2-100—the premium offered by them above par amounting to \$483,200. They were the highest bidders for about \$14,000,000; the remaining \$20,000,000 bringing a premium ranging from 3 3-100 to 4 2-100.

The total premium realized is about half a million of dollars. When we compare this result with the loss of forty-six millions of dollars by discounts on the government loans during the war of 1812, as shown by the Committee of Ways and Means in their report to Congress of 1829, and the sale of one and three quarter millions of United States six per cent. twenty years bonds at a loss by the same committee of about \$2,400,000 in 1842, in favor of the present loan, must be a subject of universal congratulation by men of all parties throughout the country.

The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Walker, states that this is the last loan he should require to meet all the present and prospective demands upon the Treasury, and that no more than the current revenues will hereafter be required. He has recently made a careful examination of the subject, and after making due allowance for the amount to be paid to Mexico, and for the transportation of supplies and pay of the troops, &c., he feels confident that no more loans will be needed.

The three millions to be paid to Mexico have already been forwarded there by our government; and most of that sum has already been met here by the treasury. Those facts are certainly very important, and show that the government finances are much easier than has generally been supposed.

Why did not the whig national convention pass the usual batch of federal resolutions?—Salem Advertiser.

Because they had no resolution left after making their nomination.

The name of Cass is synonymous with war. He has been looked upon for many years as a war partisan.—Boston Journal.

Taylor, on the contrary, is a profound and able statesman and a distinguished civilian, entirely unacquainted with the arts of war, who has filled the archives of the country with proofs of his profound knowledge!!!!!!

